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PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT

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FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1908.

THE OBTANTIALIZED GAMBLER.

Gambling in paper cotton and similar articles on the exchanges is an exceedingly delicate performance at times. When a corner has been attempted the operators concerned and all following their lead are liable to disaster through entirely unforeseeable and perhaps intrinsically trivial occurrences. Accident or sudden illness befalling some leading cornerer during the critical period may upset the best-laid plans, the mere news of his disablement very likely causing a stampede. This is precisely what happened on the New York cotton exchange Tuesday last when a corner in July contracts went to pieces like a card house which a child has trampled upon. The collapsing structure had been carefully and skillfully built up by a combination of New York, New Orleans and Liverpool operators during the ten days previous. Just when prices had been boosted to about the desired point and the clique was preparing to realize on its coup its leading spirit was taken ill, grew rapidly worse, and faced the certainty of a dangerous operation. Thereupon the associated operators lost their morale, and their nerve along with it. Mutual distrust arising, the organization went to smash in short order. Each operator feared that every other operator would take the bad news as a signal to unload his own holdings and leave the rest in the lurch. It was every man for himself and devil take the hindmost. So, through no cause but their own demoralization, these operators began throwing their holdings on the market in big batches. The result was inevitable. July cotton, which had closed at 10.17 Monday, opened at 10.20 Tuesday morning, and then dropped rapidly down the scale to 9.45, thus slumping 125 points, or 17.50 a bale. The bottom of the market had fallen out for the time being, and but for the active intervention of large brokerage houses cotton prices—paper cotton prices—might have gone very low indeed. Timely buying by these interests checked the market's rapidity of descent and then brought about a slight rise, the price closing around 9.65. The bull scheme, so nearly a success, had come to grief at the last moment. It had been shown for the thousandth time that slips twist the cup and the tip are peculiarly apt to occur in the realm of market gambling even by professionals. The lesson involved for speculatively inclined outsiders or non-professionals is, of course, vastly more forcible still. Few things on earth can be left strictly alone to better advantage than merely gambling transactions in the crop and stock exchanges.

TRANNY IN A HOSPITAL.

An old disciplinary rule of the Grady Hospital, Atlanta, that the interns, or budding doctors, shall hold no social conversation with the nurses has been revived and enforced. While recognizing the blight dealt upon these white-clad young men, the medical board of the hospital got the idea into its head that institutional efficiency made such action advisable. In other words, it believed co-educational association to have proved a failure from the hospital's standpoint. Did the interns—eight of them—accept this stern decree and attempt in good faith to comply with its requirement no matter how sweet and altogether attractive a nurse might be? The fact is, they would none of it and there was a strike on at once. All eight walked out as one man, leaving the Grady Hospital, Atlanta, quite without any staff of interns. Needless to say where our sympathies lie. We should like to give that medical board a piece of our mind and make things hot for each and every member of it.

At any rate, we deprecate such feeling among followers of the various candidates as would for even a short time cause the partisans of any candidate to conduct themselves toward dissenting male persons as they did many similarly over-enthusiastic fair ones for on the ringing plains of victory Kansas.

FOR THE SOUTH TO CONSIDER.

The Charleston News and Courier thinks the Republican party's declaration against the election of United States Senators by popular vote should bring a feeling of safety and relief to Southern white men. It proceeds to explain: "In the South a considerable minority of white men, by reason of dilatory or failure to obtain registration certificates, are excluded from voting in general elections. A number of negroes who may qualify to vote is rapidly increasing. The disqualified white voters now participate in primaries which elect the members of the Legislature, and so their vote counts as much as do the votes of others in choosing Senators. If Senators should be elected in general elections the whole effect of the national Republican party would be used to assist Republican and Independent candidates in the South, and the present system by which the election of a Senator in South Carolina, the Republican party would neglect to support a candidate, probably some excellent and wealthy gentleman, who is Republican only in national affairs, who ran as an independent in the November election, with money and in every other respect who supposes that a Republican Senate would hesitate to give the seat to a Republican contestant, regardless of evidence and justice."

VIRGINIA'S POLITICAL MENAGERIE.

Behold some names familiar in the public life of our northern neighbor. "Major John W. Daniel," notes a correspondent of The Richmond Times-Dispatch, "is called 'The Lion of Lynchburg.' The Hon. James W. Marshall is rightly named 'Cyclone Jim of Craig Creek.' The Senator from Valley of the Shenandoah is called 'The Tall Sycamore of Cub Creek.'" It is urged by the correspondent that an account of "his hard work and laborious habits" Senator Martin should be called "The Weaver of the Valley of the Rivanna." Inspired by neighborly interest, we desire to express a hope that this suggestion will be followed. Already provided with a lion, a cyclone and a sycamore, Virginia politics would be greatly enriched and further diversified by the addition of a beaver. But is it possible that no noble charger dwells along the banks of any Virginia river? Surely there must be an Old War Horse of the James, the Appomattox or the Dan. If not, this conspicuous lack needs prompt attention. It may even be that the State Legislature should take special action in the matter.

PROHIBITION RESOLUTIONS.

Text of Paper Passed by Medical Society Relative to Illegal Writing of Prescriptions. The Observer is requested to print the following: Resolutions relating to the prescribing of intoxicating liquors by physicians in North Carolina unanimously passed at the recent session of the State Medical Society in Winston-Salem, June 16th, 17th and 18th, 1908. Whereas, the people of the State of North Carolina have by a large majority vote recently ratified an act which after January 1st, 1909, makes illegal the sale of intoxicating liquors in North Carolina except upon physicians' prescriptions; and Whereas, the Legislature of North Carolina, in prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in the hands of the medical profession, has placed in the hands of the success of the law in the hands of the members of the said medical profession are given the right to prescribe spirituous liquors at their discretion: Therefore be it resolved: First, That the Medical Society of the State of North Carolina in fifty-fifth regular annual session assembled do hereby condemn as unprofessional and grossly immoral any lax or unfaithful conduct in its members in the exercise of the privileges conferred in this law.

HOWELL WAY.

CHARLES J. O'HAGAN LAUGHING-HOUSE. Unanimously adopted by vote of the society and ordered given to the press of the State for publication. D. A. TOMPkins, Sec. J. HOWELL WAY, Pres. West Will Go For Republican If Craig is Not Nominated. Special to The Observer. Murphy, June 25.—The Democrats in the west claim they have not had a Governor for 36 years and if not recognized this time will give their influence to the Republican nominee. Vermont Convention. Burlington, Vt., June 25.—It is likely that Vermont's eight delegates to the Denver convention will go unopposed although a strong sentiment had developed in favor of Bryan at the presidential nominee. The State convention will be held to-morrow.

ASHEVILLE.

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY COL. F. A. OLDS.

A visit to Asheville always produces interesting impressions. The place is both near and remote; North Carolina and not so. To me the contrast between the Asheville I knew as a boy and the place of to-day is so startling that it seemed almost unreal. I thought of the time when I had first gone there, thirty-four years ago, a youngster, and of how the place looked then. In those days one traveled a very unattractive railway, the North Carolina, from here to Salisbury and over one even more so from Salisbury to Old Fort. And so I walked through our train the other day on the Asheville place, the platform of the comfortable chair car, saw the track spinning rearward, with its heavy rails, observed the attractive stations at all the prominent points, saw the throngs of sightsees crowded with cars, the big engines and the endless equipment at Spencer, where the big shops are, the mind went back to the trains, etc., of 34 years ago.

There is an official whose duty it is to go over the North Carolina railroad once in a while, to see that the State, and see that the equipment is kept up, so as to be at least what it was when that road was leased from the State by the Southern. Never did man have as much to do as that for there must needs have been improvement to allow trains to run at all. But to get towards our subject, namely Asheville, I can never forget the trip from Salisbury there in 1874. It was in August and the country seemed vastly different then from what it does to-day. When we got to Old Fort there was an old-fashioned boarding house and a very pretty-looking woman was at the head of the table. The little engine and the much battered cars were in view from a window and one could also take a squint at the great mountain peaks, a dull brown affair, hung with thick leather springs. The most interesting thing about the stage was that John Pence was the driver. People had begun to talk about him a lot and Miss Fisher, "Christian Reid," made him quite a hero in one of two of her delightful novels about mountain life, it having been given to her also to give the charming title "The Land of the Sky" to the great mountain plateau upon which Asheville is set like a jewel. Anyway we did full justice to the country dinner in the little hotel. There was in those days both "short sweetening" and "long sweetening," and "long sweetening" was the other, some guests taking one and some the other. I recall the fact that there was a little talk about politics, a passing allusion to the Ku Klux, who had gone out of date, a trifle, and someone had a very pleasant word to say about Governor Vance who was then living at Charlotte.

After dinner we took the stage and to my delight I was one of the lucky ones to ride as just as I was about to ascend a stout man, very well dressed, and who reminded me somewhat of Willie Collins' villain, "Count Ponce," in the "Woman in White," stepped up and said to me: "My boy, where will you stay in Asheville?" I said yes and then he said "Where will you stop?" I replied at the Eagle Hotel and then he said, "Please give this box to Gus Weddin, the clerk, and give him my regards for me for a day or two, until I come," with these words handing me a cigar box tied with two pieces of twine. I took the box, got on the stage and when we got near the top of the mountain we saw piles of debris from the eastern end of what is now the Swannanoa tunnel, masses of blueish looking rock, a lot of it like slate, and everything had the appearance of a great pile of rubble. There were some apple trees; old fellows, and we got off and knocked down some apples, which tasted very well, and also brought some Indian peaches, from some native. Meanwhile I held on to the box, without thinking of the contents, but simply as a boy will to a trust. When we got to the top of the mountain, the great divide, Pence merrily blew his long horn and awakened the echoes, and down the westward slope we went. Presently we changed horses and then we made a run to Asheville. I remember that we crossed a bridge over a stream at the edge of the town and noticed that the rocks and a lot of the trees were whitewashed. Up the unpaved and rather twisty streets we went and pulled up the Eagle Hotel, a three-story brick building, with three porches, each with a little portico, and saw standing there Mr. Clemmons, the owner of the hotel and of the stage. A big white bull dog was being with him. I went into the office and gave Mr. Weddin, the clerk, the cigar box and he stuck it in a safe. Two days later I happened to be sitting in the office when the man who had given me the box came in, asked Weddin for it; got it, asked where I was, and when I was shown him, invited a boy friend and myself to go up to his room. As a matter of fact I did not know where he came in, because his conventional costume of black which I had seen at Old Fort was replaced by one of blue jeans, mountain-made, with cowhide boots, very well worn, too, and a hat, which must have weighed fifty pounds; one of those "wool hats," about which the politicians used to discourse not a great many years ago. In other words my friend was in the secret service and was a spy, and all men, and had many costumes and disguises. He was an Italian, and sharp as a tack, and he was always on the trail of counterfeiters, moonshiners, etc. sure were thick enough in those parts. Those days, up in his rooms he opened the box, and goodness gracious! It was packed with money. It was going to be used to pay off a lot of court expenses or something like that, but he had trusted it to a boy, as if it were a mere cover for 100 cigars or so. He asked me the next day to go with him to the big old jail, which stood in the rear of the old State court house, and we went up on the third floor, where there was a large cage which occupied much of the single room there, in this being various and sundry gentlemen for whom Uncle Sam had taken a violent liking. With the secret service man was a photographer. Those were the wet-plate days, "snap-shooters" being unknown, and there had to be an exposure of some time to get a picture. The gentleman whose picture was desired was very obstreperous and grumbled like a baboon, while he twisted and turned. He did not want to get into the "Rogue's Gallery," by any means. Presently the secret service man tired of these and with a snout like lightning he whipped out a big revolver, and with a flourish between the bars and took a close aim at the gentleman inside. The latter froze into stillness and the photographer got him all right. This

Some years ago an electric railway was planned to cross the mountains from which there is a wonderful view of the country for many a mile, but when the grading was partly finished the owner became angry, stopped the work and tore up the rails, but now another company has taken hold and the road is to be built. One of the lines runs to the only "fake" I found about Asheville, this being what is called "Lake Shicklessee," which really isn't any lake at all, there being merely a dam on the French Broad river at a power-plant, which backs water half a mile or so up that racing stream. The name of the lake, so called, is that which justly belongs to the river. The Cherokee knew a lot more about names than we do. There are five Broad rivers in North Carolina, these being the Broad, the French Broad, and the First, Second and Third Broad. Some mountains are so narrow as to make the use of the word laughable. Asheville is not much of a manufacturing town, but it has a few industries, and one of these is worthy of mention, being the manufacture of talcum powder. All of us have seen in the newspapers and magazines the very pleasant face of Mr. Mennen, that gentleman who is amassing a fortune out of North Carolina. This is shipped to him in the North and West, ground, perturbed and put up, and away it goes all over the world. Now some one, on Asheville's main street, has a factory which makes this product, and the very delightful odor pervades the atmosphere for quite a distance. Asheville's main gifts have come from outsiders. Such is the Vance monument, the gift of Mr. Pack, and in honor of the latter the square is named. There was a Mr. Roebbing in the place, but he took umbrage at the action of the people in making Asheville dry instead of wet and so, literally as well as figuratively, he shook off the dust of the place from his feet and winged his flight to his old Northern home. Some of the Ashevilleans bemoaned this action, and others smiled, but in truth the gentleman had done a lot for the place.

We used to go out to "Connelly's view" and lie there of an afternoon and look across the river at the position of the old town. It was Aladdin, he of "The Wonderful Lamp," had not then come to Asheville, but some years later he drifted there and began his magical work. The mountains, as they are now, the mountains, as they were improved and then came the people. Five years after my first visit I had the honor of going through the partially completed Swannanoa tunnel with Senator James W. Wilson, the superintendent of the Western North Carolina Railway. The convicts who had built the road for the State had hauled with infinite labor a little engine and train of dirt cars over the mountains, so that work was going on from both ends of the tunnel, old Engineer Alford operating one of the trains and I know the engine in those Buncombe glens, then unused to such noises. We had dinner at the house of one of the men in charge of the convicts who were digging the tunnel, and I know the engine in those Buncombe glens, then unused to such noises. We had dinner at the house of one of the men in charge of the convicts who were digging the tunnel, and I know the engine in those Buncombe glens, then unused to such noises.

When I was at Asheville a few days ago, I found it to be a town of towns. It has more paved streets and better paved ones than any place anywhere near its size in these United States and it has by far the largest number of handsome dwellings and business houses I have ever seen in a place at all equal it in population. The Battery Park Hotel surmounts the highest point where we used to go when I was a boy, climbing over a little fence of chestnut rails, passing through some straggling oaks, and going to the top of the hill, then down to the Battery Park Hotel, where there were the remains of an earthwork which had contained some guns. The hill could have been bought probably for \$50. Now money could hardly buy it. I saw men digging what is now a paved avenue, one of the nicest business streets in the State. Upon the mountain nearby, "Beaucatcher," they used to call it, there was another dismantled battery and we used to go up there and look at the view of the village and over into Chunn's cove on the other side. Nobody lived on top of the mountain and everything was wild and one felt almost like a blazer. Now the view goes everywhere it can and where it can't there are good driveways. We tramped it once all the way to Mount Mitchell and spent a night there and the other part of two days. That was about as long as I was there. Another trip was to Playagh, that absolutely wild, but now owned by the Aladdin of the North Carolina mountains, to wit George Vandervoort, the State's greatest landholder and overlord, who has some quarter million acres in that vicinity, owns about half of two or three mountains and has a domain some fifty miles long, from his Pisgah lodge, being in view of his chateau, "Biltmore House," the latter being exactly like our dear old boyhood friends the genius who responded in the rubbing of the ring, and who had a little bit of France, buildings, grounds and all, and set it down there. Such is the magic of money and taste. And with it all Vandervoort is a model of a citizen, not stuck-up a bit; who works amidst his laborers and who, with his wife, has come to love their gem of a home in the "Land of the Sky."

I paid a visit to the "Henrietta." This used to be the Patton home, built some time before the civil war, a stately old place, on the main street, with those big and lofty ceilinged rooms, which somehow give one a breadth of thought. In the early years the house was occupied by an other well-known family and after a while came to be a club house. Then it passed into the hands of the Young Women's Christian Association and now is in its every happiest state. Recently, has been made a home for young women; a home in fact as well as in name. The gentle matron in charge showed us through and told us that 24 young women boarded there and that 14 had rooms in the building. Over the entrance in golden letters is the name, and the work done in that place is all golden, too, a sweet work, which has no doubt multiplied and is moulding the character of many a young woman. One of the vital forces of Asheville is the chamber of commerce, to which I paid a special visit. It has 200 members and all of these seem to be, to use a slang phrase of the day, "live wires." They put up plenty of money and during half the year they advertise their town in the north and west and during the other half in the south, putting in thousands of dollars in this way, using every prominent paper, magazine, etc., and picture gallery. Asheville is the best illustrated town in the South, by far, as any photographer will tell you. It is said that 100,000 visitors go there during the summer. Panics don't trouble the place. It lives pretty much as Washington once was largely upon "floaters." Industries out but a small figure; people are wanted; people with money, too, for it costs something to live in a smart town like Asheville.

The Elks have very cosy quarters now and they are accumulating money and intend to put up a \$100,000 building of their own. The Catholics are building a very striking church; unbecomingly as to exterior, but with the inside a wonder, with every bit of the wood-work brought from abroad and fashioned most wonderfully. Talking to a friend about this interior decoration from abroad I told him something which he did not know, this being that Mr. "Arlie," at Wrightsville, near Wilmington, easily the most notable thing in North Carolina, certainly in the way of woodwork or house furnishing, this being the staircase from the home of Sir Walter Raleigh, "Hayes," in England. Mr. Jones found it for sale there, bought it, brought it here, and had it put up. It has not been treated at all and gives one a good idea of the rough, if effective, woodwork of the interior. It is not dark, but a light brown. I had the pleasure of walking on this stairway and as a little later I went to the "Hayes" at Edenton, named in honor of Sir Walter's home, there was a good set in the memory of "Arlie" and the brave knight, too.

But to get back to Asheville. The town has a large sporting element; people who are interested in things because they are of Asheville, and so I found people here, not native at all, who talked about Locke Craig and his chances of being nominated for Governor, speaking about this, as they very frankly said, because he was an Asheville man, and not as a North Carolinian. In fact they did not know anything about the rest of North Carolina. The mere fact that he hailed from Asheville put them in touch with him and this is the keynote to the thoughtless and uneducated number of the residents of the place. Looking at Asheville through the eyes of the past and present, so to speak, it was very delightful to make a trip over a good part of the city with the Biltmore in one of the handsome teams so numerous in the mountain metropolis, and to sit beside the driver, William Hall, whom I had known when on my first visit to the town. William was a mass of information and he could bring to memory every sort of old impression and incident, all the way from where so and so lived 30-odd years ago, and where we boys used to occasionally visit, and where we used to get our cards in the "patch" as a mark of respect to the owners. Now there are very few grown North Carolinians who have not stolen a watermelon, so that the offense is regarded as a very venial one, unrecorded perhaps, and most certainly one which no North Carolina jury would take the least cognizance of.

In my early days there was a friendship between many of the white boys and the colored ones, which is all gone now to return no more forever. It was something less than a decade after the civil war and even reconstruction did not affect this sentiment of friendship very much, but in the early '80s the end began to come, and now, except in very rare circumstances, one never sees the white boys and the colored boys playing hunting and being together, etc.

(Continued on Page Seven.)



"WORKED TO A FINISH"

THE MILL-END SALE

It has been ten days of hard work, but we feel doubly paid, and still there are two days left—to-day and to-morrow. These two days we shall work things to a "finish." We shall make our competitors wonder and our patrons talk, because of such wonderfully low prices. The new, clean, desirable and reasonable goods will be down to within the reach of the most modest purse, and the odd lots left from the ten days' sale will be bunched and prices put on them to where it will be simply past time in making a purchase.

Watch, Wait and Come

Don't let Saturday pass unless you send at least one hour at the wind-up of the Mill-End Sale. Look out for the big circular.

A Special That Goes On Friday IN COAT SUIT DEPARTMENT

We place on sale this morning a lot of Lingerie Dresses, bought specially to wind up this great Mill-End Sale. They are grand, they are beautiful and just what everybody wants. The prices on these for to-day and Saturday are very interesting. They are in White, Blue, Pink and Lavender. Prices \$6.00 to \$15.00.

Another Thing

A swell lot "Madam Butterfly" or Jumper Suits, in striped French Gingham, and this is the "ONE" Summer Suit, too. In Gray and White, Pink and White, also Blue and White. The Suit, \$7.50.

A Third Special

We also place on sale this morning a lot of Wash Coat Suits bought specially for this wind-up sale. Made of Striped Madras. They are the suit for this weather, and the price is just \$4.99.

